In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall bee well winged with our chiefest horse ?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I one my tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the euemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuise as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our consciences, our swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of vababonds, Rascols, and run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey pesants,
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest :
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in show :
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *Fraunce*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues ?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there drum,

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight bo
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to
Spur your proud horses hard, and ri
Amaze the welkin with your broken
What saies Lord Stanley will he brin
Mes. My Lord he doth deny to co
King. Off with his sonne *Georges* h
Nor. My Lord the enemy is past t
After the battell let George Stanley
King. A thousand hearts are great w
Aduance our standards, set vpon ou
Our ancient word of courage faire S
Inspire vs with the speene of fiery Dr
Vpon them, victory fits one our help
Alarum excursions, Enter
Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*,
The King enacts more wonders the
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all one foote h
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat
Rescew, faire Lord, or else the day i
King. A horse, a horse my Kingdom
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon
And I will stand the hazard of the d
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in t
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of h
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a h
Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmon
slaine then retrait being sounded. E
bearing the Crowne with other Lor
Rich. God and your arme be pra
The day is ours the bloudie dog is de
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloudy
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy brow
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heanen say A

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37